PRIZE FIGHT AND A PREE FIGH :-An Early Morning Mill in Michigan Which

Ended in a Fistic Melee.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 16, --- Pete

Detroit, Cincinnati, Fort Wayne and other

The articles of agreement called for an

eight-round fight with three-ounce gloves,

ring.
During this time the audience

highly excited, but, seeing that Milet was being pounded by the slugger without cause, they interfered and carried Fell away. The

Broker Miller Sent to Bellevue.

from the Jefferson Market prison, suffering from alcoholism. He gave as his reference H. J. Howell, of 34 New street.

AMUSEMENTS.

FIFTH AVE. THEATRE.
LAST 2 NIGHTS. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2
HOYT'S LATEST COMEDY SATIRE,

A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

'.' Monday, Dec. 19—MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, MONDAY NEXT,

MANSFIELD In his own comedy, MONSIEUR.

Reserved seats. Orchestra Circle and Balcony, to THIRD WEEK.

SHE. "
Matiness Wednesday and Saturday.

WALLACK'S.

Evenings at 8.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.

FORGET-MS-NOT.

Characters by Messrs, Osmond Teacle, Harry Edwards,
J. W. Pigott, Mms. Ponisi, Miss Netta Guion and Miss
Rese Cogolian.

Rose Cogbian.

14TH STREET THEATRE—COR. SIXTH AVE
Matiness Wednesdays and Saturdays.
POSITIVELY LAST TWO WEEKS OF
DESMAN THOMPSON
Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 55c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.

A CADEMY

MUNIC.

Gimore & Tompkins.
Prop's & Manag'rs.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

250., 50c., 75c. & 81.

BOOTH & BARRETT. Sale
begins Tuesday next.

BUOU OPERA-HOUSE, THE CORSAIR. Evenings at 8. Mate Wed. 4 Sat. at 2.

POOLE'S THEATRE Sth st., near 4th ave. PRICES A GREAT HIT. MATINEES. 30c., 50c., 1th New PLAY, MON, WED. 30c., 50c., 1th Next WREE, 7AKEN FROM LIFE.

MIBLO'S.

SINO. BROADWAY AND SOTH ST Evenings at 8. Matines, Saturday at 2. THE JOILIEST OF ALL OMIC OPERAS, MADELON

points.

AN AFTERNOON IN SOCIETY.

GOOD WEATHER FOR THE RECEPTIONS, TEAS AND OTHER EVENTS TO-DAY.

Mrs. Frederic Goodridge to Give a Reception This Afternoon-Last Week's Ama teur Theatrical Entertainment to be Repeated To-Day-Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll to Sail for Europe To-Morrow.



LEAR, cold weather will make a pleasant change for those who are going to attend the many teas or amateur theatricals to - day. Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, of 250 Fifth avenue, will give a reception this afternoon Miss Lina Crawford, Miss Lusk, Miss Marie Reed, Miss Marie Manice, Miss Costar, Miss Kitty Babeock, Miss Satterthwaite, Miss Van Wart, Miss Charlotte Zerega, Miss

Julia Cotton Smith, Miss Agnes Lawrence, Miss Margaret Lawrence, Miss Hoadly, Miss Wells, Miss Louise Floyd Jones, Miss Oddie, Miss Carrie Webb, Miss Camilla Moss and Miss Smedling will assist in receiving. Among those expected are the following named persons:

ing-named persons:

Mrs. J. D. Reed, Capt. and Mrs. Kane, Gen. and
Mrs. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. George Betts, Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Berryman, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, Mr. D.
Sidney, Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. John Crosby Brown,
Mrs. Herry, Miss Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Schermerhorn, Mas Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Scheffelin,
Miss Roosevelt, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Chandler,
Miss Chandler, Mrs. Pellew, Mr. and Mrs. Van
Rensselaer and Mr. and Mrs. Rhinelander.

Renselaer and Mr. and Mrs. Reinelander.

The first of the three subscription dances gotten up by Mr. E. L. Hedden, of 38 West Forty-ninth street, will occur this evening.

Judge and Mrs. Daly, of 84 Clinton place, will give a large ladies' luncheon to-day.

Mrs. Woodsworth, of 18 East Thirty-seventh street, will give a reception to-day.

The very successful dramatic entertainment

The very successful dramatic entertainment given by amateurs on Thursday of last week for the benefit of the West-Side Day Nursery will be repeated this afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre. Tickets may be had from Mrs. W. Amory, 102 East Thirty-ninth street; Pond's music store or at the Women's Exchange. The only change in the cast to-day will be that Mr. T. Francis Conrad will take the part of Guzman in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady" in place of Edgar Sands De Wolfe. Mrs. William Amory, jr., of 102 East Thirty-ninth street, will give a dinner this evening to "the cast" of the amateur dramatic entertainment.

entertainment.

Mrs. James Toler, of 7 West Twenty-first street, will entertain the Friday Evening Dancing Class to-night.

The Nineteenth Century Club will hold its

The Nineteenth Century Club will hold its next meeting in the assembly rooms of the Metropolitan Opera-House.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, née Bancroft, will sail for Europe to-morrow.

Mrs. Philip J. Sands, of 15 East Thirty-third street, entertained the Thurday Evening Dancing Class last evening.

Mrs. Warren, of 255 Lexington avenue, will give a reception to morrow.

Mrs. Warren, of 250 Lexington avenue, will give a reception to-morrow.

Mrs. Newton Perkins and Miss Perkins, of 65 East Fifty-second street, will give a tea on Tuesday, Dec. 20.

Mrs. J. D. Wing, of 16 West Forty-ninth street, will give a reception to morrow afternoon in honor of Miss Hurlburt, the fiance of her son.

Mrs. William A. Hammond, of 43 West Fifty-fourth street, will give a reception to-morrow.

morrow.

Mrs. Paul E. Rasor and the Misses Jenkins, of the Rutland, 250 West Fifty-seventh street, will give a tea to-morrow afternoon.

Moveable Train Skirts Fashionable Again.

[Puris Letter to London Telegraph.]
A new style of pelisse has appeared. It cannot be worn on foot, as the back-pieces are prolonged into a short train. The fronts, cut redingote-shape, are not sewed to the back nor below the waist, and the interval is filled with a panel of some other material, plain in the case of velvet or satin brocade, platted if in paille or other silk. For the rest, cloth or woollen of a rougher description is sometimes chosen. Velvet brocaded ottoman or velvet is more handsome, but almost too heavy for the purpose. This new application of the train is a sure sign—if any were needed—that train-skirts are to be worn very generally once more; and not only trains proper, but skirts cut so as to sweep the floor a few inches—an innovation with more novelty in it. Of course this is not extended to walking costumes, while evening party and ball dresses do not more than touch the ground. The habit of having moveable trains is growing. They are fastened separately to the waist at the back over draped skirts so made as to be worn alone when required. This train, detached from the rest of the skirt, sweeps out behind in long plaits or folds, and measures from two to two and a half yards in length. It is linedthroughout with silk or sarsenet, and a layer of silf muslin is laid between the two materials. A train so added must not be wholly dissimilar from the rest of the dress; the bodice ought to be entirely or in part of the same material. the purpose. This new application of the train is a

It Depended on His Lucks

[From Harper's Bazar.]
A young wag uptown started out with his gun incased in canvas to take a train for Sullivan County the other day, and met a lady of great heart

and age.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked. "that you are deliberately going to shoot little birds and limid, inoffensive animals." "No, ma'am," he replied, "I will not go so far as to say that. If I have my usual luck I shall shoot nothing but my gun."

The False and the True.

I Written by W. P. S.]

to read it some day.

If she does, the object of its publication will have been accom-

plished.

"Oh, Jack! I shall be so lonely and miserable without you." And Annie Moorsom's

bright blue eyes swam in the tears that

threatened each instant to course down her

peachy cheeks; and her red, red lips quiv-

ered as they rested half-open, giving you a

"Nonsense, Annie; we shall love each

other all the better for a year's separation-

only a year-for in that time I'll dig miles

down in old earth, or the dusky gold shall fill

We all know what love-partings are, there-

fore it is useless to describe this one. He

strode swiftly away down the village lane, his

face hard and stern as though there was not t mine of passionate love seething in his seart and making all things dim before his yes. She leaned her dimpled elbow on the

more the letter by the

"Don't cry, sweet, don't cry!"

glimpse of a faultless set of teeth.

my bag for your sake!"

EADER, this is my

story. Whether you will like it or dislike

it, I know not. I have

written it to please the

brown-skinned girl

crouching at my side.

and her love-lit, flery

eyes commend it

therefore am I content.

"An nie Moorsom"
may, perhaps, chance
to read it some day.

garden gate, and sobbed until her throat ached and her head whirled round. Far away stretched, mile after mile, a vast

Far away stretched, mile after mile, a vast rocky plateau, thickly intersected with pre-cipitous gorges — vertical, terrible rents through the solid rock over a mile in depth. It requires a steady head to peer over these awful brinks, and see far, far down the gleaming, dancing river, whose banks are fairly green with high grasses and rank water-

weed.

A large fire blazed and crackled in front of a low, mud-grimed tent erected about a hundred yards from the edge of the huge yawning ravine. Around the glowing logs four men were lolling or sitting in various easy attitudes. Three were roughly dressed, swarthy-faced, tobacco-chewing and reckless-looking desparadoes.

looking desperadoes.

The fourth, also, was swarthy faced and

Although apparently devoid of any wit or meaning other than that implied, all except Jack Braddon laughed heartily and ex-changed significant looks and gestures. "Boys," began Jack, toying with his re-volver and speaking in quiet tones, though

IN THE CHILL BLAST AT MIDNIGHT. Ten-Year-Old's Responsibilty With Father Both Blind and Drunk.

PECULIARLY sad scene was witnessed last night. A lad, thin-ly clad and shivering in the chill blast that whistled across by a World reporter City Hall Park at midhard to keep an inebriated man, whom he

addressed as " father," from falling. The boy was not more than ten years old, and he was trying to coax his father to go

and he was trying to coax his father to go home. The old man growled in a maudlin way about the cold, and insisted that he must have another drink.

Policeman 999 approached the couple at the request of the reporter with the intention of frightening the man into going with the boy. But he had got no further than the exclamation, "Come now, boss!" made in gruff tones, when he ejaculated, half in soliloquy, "Great Scot! The man is as blind as a bat!"

Sure enough, he was stone blind! He was a vender of lead-pencils, and his little son led him to the offices of his cus-tomers.

ittle son led him to the offices of his customers.

"He lost his eyes in a rolling-mill accident," said the half-frozen lad. "And he gets this way every time we have a good day. Folks felt sorry for him to-day because it was cold, and he sold out his pencils twice. Ma drinks, too, and I gets fits when they are both off," added the boy.

Just then a fit of anger seized the blind inebriate, and he made a vicious lunge with his hand in the direction of the small, squeaky voice. The boy, always on the alert, dexteriously dodged the blow without losing his sustaining grip on the father's coat-sleeve.

They lived over in Jackson street, and the policeman put the man forcibly on a green car. The man lopped over in a corner and fell asleep, and thus they set out for home.

DOINGS IN THE THEATRES.

Herbert Aveling, who was last seen at the Star Theatre, where he supported Robert Downing in "tracedy business," has been engaged to play the part of Holly in one of the "She" companies which is to make the tour of the country.

"A Sad Coqueite," which was produced at a matine at the Union Square Theatry yesterday for the benefit of Miss Sara Jewett, proved to be an adaptation of Rhoda Broughton's charming novel "Good-by, Sweetheart," a pretty story of love wiffully put aside. Mrs. Estelle Clayton, the adapter, appeared as Lenore, the heroine, and Eben Plympton as the lover, Paul Mortimer. The play was very creditably given.

play was very creditably given.

Imre Kiraify is hard at work upon his coming production of "Maxulm, the Night Owi," which will be done in Philadeiphia on Christmas night and will follow Booth and Barrett's engagement at the Academy of Music. Kiraify says he has extended an invitation to M. Ravel, the only living member of the famous family, to be present on the opening night of "Maxulm." As M. Kavel Hves in France, however, it is thought that Mr. Kiraify will not consider himself slighted if the old gentleman fails to appear.

John F. Donnelly's popular Sunday night concerts ought soon to become an institution. Mr.

John F. Donnelly's popular Sunday night con-certs ought soon to become an institution. Mr. Donnelly knows what the public like to hear if any one does. Next Sunday, at Steinway Hall, Jules Levy, the cornetist. will play, assisted by the Clipper Quartet, Miss Louise Searie, Edward O'Mahony, Miss Josee Hall, Luigt Dell'o'Ro, Miss Ollie Torbett, Alfred Liston, Miss Julia Earnest, John S. Cox., Joseph Conyers and W. W. Furst. These artists will appear at the Third Avenue Theatre on the same night.

Theatre on the same night.

Henry A. Dixey still continues to do an enormous business in San Francisco with "Adonis," It is said that he will not open at the Bijou Opera-House, in this city, next season, as had been announced, He plays in Boston next October, and there is a strong possibility of his remaining on the road all next season in "Adonis." Dixey can always introduce so much new "business" into this buriesque that it need never become monotonous, and, as it is one of those elastic constructions that can contain everything, there is really no reason why Dixey and "Adonis" should not be billied about the country for a decade or two.

The Rubinstein Club of female voices schlered

billied about the country for a decade or two.

The Rubinstein Club of female voices schleved inotable success at its first private concert, give last evening at Chickering Hall. The club, which was only recently formed under the leadership of Mr. William R. Chapman, the conductor of the "Musurgia," was organized for the purpose of producing artistically the many beautiful part songs and choruses which have been written for female voices, but have never been heard in this city. The concert proved that his idea is perfectly feasible, and Mr. Chapman deserves the credit of introducing the music-loving public of New York to an entirely new phase of art. With the assistance of an orchestra from the Philharmonic Society the finest tonal effects were produced, notably in the Rubinstein and Sucher compositions, and songs by Macy, Sturm, Osgood and Kienzi were rendered with exquisite taste and delicacy.

rendered with exquisite taste and delicacy.

A genuleman who went to Boston last Sunday on
the same train with Edwin Booth and Lawrence
Barrett was astonished to see the extremely Democratic manner in which the tragedians travel in
days when stars must have special drawing-room
and dining cars, crowds to see them off, and all the rest of it. Mr. Booth went alone to the Grand Central depot, sat on a bench with the crowd and quiety awaited Mr. Barreit's advent. When that gentleman arrived, the tragedians bought seats in a drawing-room car and specifly took possession. They escaped recognition so thoroughly that at 5 o'clock, when the passengers moved to the dining-room car, they declined to make room for Messrs. Booth and Barreit, who, unable to push their way in, were forced to want for refreshment until the train reached Boston. Mr. Barrett acts in the capacity chaperon to Mr. Booth.

Buying Jewels on the Instalment Plan-

[From the Jewelers' Weekly.] I saw you looking curiously at the handsome gold watch which that young man just consulted keeping with his general appearance, doesn't it? Let me explain the apparent mystery.

Whenever you see an expensive article of lew elry upon the person of an otherwise ordinarily attired man, you can safely set him down as the patron of an instalment jeweiry house. Ever tried the scheme? No; well suppose you're a man in only moderate circumstances and desire to wear

an expensive watch. Of course you can't pay, say, \$150 down at once for it; but if you have \$25, and know how, you can get the coveted timekeeper, nevertheless. How? Why, you take your \$25 to the jew-eller who makes a specialty of the instalment business, and put it in his hands as your first payment, and take your watch with you. Then you pay off the balance at the rate of 50 per cent. a month until the entire amount of your indebtedness has been liquidated. If you are a responsible man no reference or security will be asked from you to insure the payments; but a stranger must, of course, bring the jeweller some tangible evidence that he is no swindler. As the jeweller recompenses himself for his trouble, risk and use of his money by charring a liberal advance on the regular price, the instalment business pays very well, and many dealers sell goods in this manner.

A Suggestion for the Girls.

[From Harper's Basar,]
The girls of a family have it in their power at al times to do a great deal of work in behalf of the quaintances, who are out in the rough and tumble, and among all the temptations of the open world; but the winter weather affords them ampler opportunity than all the out-door days of boating and snooting and lawn-tennis and picnicking do, for it brings about a closer and more constant contact, a much fuller vision of fine qualities, and a much more effective ground for their exercise. Young girls, then, who understand this will soon find that they have all they want to do, if they will undertake to make their homes so thoroughly delightful that not only other youths will come to see them there, but their own brothers will contentedly and proudly prefer to stay therein. With the parlor or sitting-room made tasteful and cheery, as girls can make a room, even when forced to depend upon themselves for means, with pleasont people coming in—coming in because the place is bright and attractive and the people no less so—with perfect good nature preserved among quaintagees, who are out in the rough and tumble, place is bright and attractive and the people no less so—with perfect good nature preserved among them, no matter what happens to upset the temper, and therefore the absolute prohibition of wranzling or of excited argument, with as much music as may be had, with a little amusing reading, h-ppy, merry talk, games of one sort and another, efforts being made to have the newest and those most likely to attract the brothers, according to their idiosyncrasies—with all this, and more that will suggist itself to those girls who are in earnest about it, the house may be made by them a place in which the brothers shall look forward to spending the evening with nearly as much gratification as that with which lovers look sor the hour that shall find them together; and all the more if the girl who has a lover does not count out her brother as a supernumerary.

How Paris Anarchists Dine.

[Puris Despaich to London Telegram.]
Five Anarchists have just been condemned to having dined too freely at the expense of an "infamous bourgeois," and for having insulted the police. The five were wandering about Paris, as they alleged, hungry and penniless, and they they alleged, hungry and penniless, and they therefore considered that they had a right to get dinners without paying for them. They accordingly went into a restaurant, ordered a dinner a la carte and a quart of wine each; bad their glass of coffee and their chasse cafe in the shape of a thimbleful or two of brandy, and when the note, or addition, was presented by the landlerd, they coolly told him to go and get payment from the "rascally bourgeols people" who were well off and well fed. This logic being distasteful to the landlord, he, finding all his attempts to get payment futile, sent for the police. The Anarchists, rejoicing in full stomachs, went cheerfully to the lock-up, but they insulted the police grossly for having carried out "bourgeols behests." The mother of one of the rascals appeared in court and paid the restaurant-keeper for the five dinners. Her son, however, shouted out that she was stilly, that he and his friends had gone in for free dinners on principle, and that they were ready to undergo punishment for their acts. They were then marched off to prison, declaring that they would repeat their conduct when they had the chance.

Predicting an Explosion Which Will Make [From the St. James's Gazette.]

An American paper, the Fireman's Herald, pre dicts a terrible disaster in the oil regions of the good-sized stake. United States, if the tapping of gas-wells is allowed to go on at its present rate without check or supervision of any sort. A fearful explosion of supervision of any sort. A fearful explosion of natural gas took blace in China some two hundred years ago, it appears, tearing up and destroying a district and leaving a large inland sea—that now known on the maps as Lake Fu-Chang. Should such an accident occur in the United States, there will be suon an upheaval, the Herald believes, as will dwarf the most terrible earthquake ever known. The country along the gas-belt from foledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be "ripped up to the depth of from 1,200 feet to 1,400 feet, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down, filing the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys and blotting them out forever."

Longed for a Mother.

[From Judge.]
Advanced Spinster (coquettishly) — And you really want to marry me? But I cannot consen ustil you tell me what you see in me to make you want me.
Youthful Sultor—Well, ever since mother died Fre felt like an orphan, and I thought you could sil her place.

A Decided Refusal.

Italio de Counte—So you will not be my wife, eh? Do you forget zat I am an Italian Count? Young American-Oh, no: I do not forget vot are an Itslian Count, but I do know that I was never brought up to make a dozen shirts for thirty cents and do the washing for a large family.

Good for Evil.

(Prom Harper's Basar.)
Washington Sunday-School Teacher (to little colored girl)—Now, Angeline, can you tell me what it means to return good for evil?

Angeline Brooks—Well, miss, I doan' 'xactly know de words, but I tink it mean ef any one sauses yer, doan' yer jaw back.

A Little Girl at the Perfume Counter. A little dairi at the Pertume Counter.

Little girl at Riker's pertume counter-Mamma says I
can buy some sachet powder. What have you got?

Clark-Well, little one, suppose you choose yourself.

Little Girl-I don't know which. Oh, doesn't this White
Hose uneil nice? Why, this Vicet's sweeter still.

What do you call that? Francipanni? Oh, that's delicious. Do you say Jockey Club and Heliotrope are
just as fragrant. Well, ist me have all of them. Here
comes mamma; she will pay you.—Commercial Advertier. ""

A SAFE, sure and speedy cure for coughs and colds ADAMSON'S BOTANIO BALSAM. KINSMAN, 20th st.

Well, but"---

Nolan, of Cincinnati, and Jim Fell, of this city, met in the squared circle this morning, short distance from this place. About five hundred spectators were present at the battle, including many prominent citizens of Grand Rapids, and visitors from Chicago,

18th St., 19th St., and 6th Ave. (18th St. Station Elevated Road.)

SEASONABLE

eight-round fight with three-ounce gloves, but on account of the vicious tactics adopted by Fell, the battle came to an inglorbous termination after three rounds had been fought. The stakes had been placed on the outcome of the match, the conditions being that the receipts were to be divided, 70 and 30 per cent, to the winner and loser respectively. Bad blood, however, had been known to exist between the two Western pugilists for some time, so many persons journeyed over the country roads to reach the scene of the struggling affair. No time was lost in preliminaries and Harry Hammell, of Fort Wayne, was chosen referee. It was 1.10 this morning when time was called. The fight, which proved to be a brief one, was simply a punching and MEN'S FURNISHINGS, SMOKING AND HOUSE COATS, in Cashmere, Flannel, Velveteen,

Japanese Silk, imported English Plaids, &c.

Rich Neckwear,

called. The fight, which proved to be a brief one, was simply a punching and wrestling match, especially so in the case of Fell. Science was an unknown quantity throughout the entire fight. Fell is noted as a rusher and hits as often and as hard as he can, regardless of his own punishment.

At the call of time the men glanced at each other, and the rapid shooting about of arms proved determination on either side. It was a fairly good round of give-and-take fighting, though twenty hard blows were struck. What looked like genuine fighting began in the second round. It was from the start hammer and tongs, Fell again pursuing his favorite rushing tactics. A good smash on Nolan's jaw and a resounding punch under his ear caused the Cincinnati puglist to become rather groggy. The round was fought to a close, with Nolan resting against the ropes. Underwear. Pajamas. Silk Nightshirts, Dress Shirts, Suspenders, Silk Mufflers, Handkerchiefs, Gloves to a close, with Nolan resting against the ropes.

The latter was a very weary man when the third round opened, and, of course, Fell again started in with his usual rush. Sharp blows were exchanged for a moment, when Fell twisted his arm around Nolan's neck, and, with a cross butt, both men went to grass, Nolan falling underneath. The tired Ohioian was helped to his feet, and in a dazed condition was carried to his corner.

Jack Milet, his backer, at once claimed a foul, and the referee allowed it without hesitation. Fell became infuriated at the decision, and, jumping out of his chair, fell upon Milet and fought him over the entire ring. Half Hose, Umbrellas, Canes,

Waterproof Coats, Men's and Boys Blanket, Bath and House Robes, Cardigan Jackets, Jersey Coats, at very moderate prices.

AMUSEMENTS.

they interfered and carried Fell away. The scene below caused much excitement to those who occupied seats in the small gallery, and, as if to have a hand in the lively proceedings, they began to throw their chairs down upon the audience.

This again resulted in any number of small fights and at one time as many as four fist fights were going on in the room, each pair of contestants within a ring formed by the spectators. This row continued for an hour or more, but finally order was restored and the crowd dispersed.

Fell is greatly dissatisfied with the outcome of the encounter, as he could undoubtedly have whipped Nolan easily and will probably challenge him to a finish fight for a good-sized stake. METROPOLITAN OPERA-BOUSE,
HOFMANN CONCERTS,
Under the personal direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY,
of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau.
THREE MORE CONCERTS.
THURLDAY EVENING Dec. 27, at 3 po clock.
THERDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 27, at 3 po clock.
BATURAY EVENING, Dec. 31, at 8, 16 o'clock.
JONEPH HOFMANN,
accompanied by

MME. HELENE HAYTREITER,
Prims Donna Contralto;
Theodore Bjorksten, Tenor; Sig. De Anna, Baritone
Miss Nattic Carpenter, Mme. Sacconi, Harpist, Sig.
R. Sappio, Accompanist, and Adolph Neuendorff,
Grand Orchestra. Sals of Seate begins Monday Dec. 19,
at Box office. Weber Grand Piano used.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Manager ROBSON AND CRANE Charles J. Miller, aged forty years, a cotton broker, was taken to Bellevue Hospital last night

under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks
in the great American Comedy,
THE HENRIETTA,
THE HENRIETTA,
Evenings at 8.15. Saturday Matinee at 2. Carriages
10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance,

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE, Proprietor

M. W. HANLEY INCONTROVERTIBLE SUCCESS OF MANAGEM MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN'S

GREAT AND ORIGINAL CHARACTER ACTING OF DAVE BRAHAM and his Popular Orche Wednesday Matines Saturday.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE, CORNER SIST ST., AND SD AVE.
MATINEE RESERVED SEATS,
The Powerful Melodrama,
20c.
UNDER THE LASH.
Secure seats in advance.

DEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 5TH & 6TH AVES, PROBLEM NACZI
and his HUNGARIAN ORGHESTRA.
Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.
Admission to all. 50 cents; children 25 cents,
AJEEB—The Mystifring Chees Automaton.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTREES th st. and Broadway. Nightly, 8,30; Sat. Mat., 2,5 JONEY HOFMANN OUTDONE. FRANK HOWARD, greatest balled singer, Last week of "Black Faust" and Musical Siftings, MATINEE TO-MORKOW.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

RAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Reserved seats, orchestrs, circle and balcony, 50c dd. | MRS. LANCTRY | Sat. st. in "AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."
Next Sunday - PROF. CHOMWELL'S lecture, "Sau Francisco and the Far West."

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

MISON SQUARE THEATRE.

EVENINGS AT 5.30. NATURDAY MATINER AT 2.
SUCCESS OF *ELAINE.'' Evening Sun-"A superb presentation."
SEATS RESERVED 3 WEEKS IN ADVANCE STAR THEATRE. DECIDED SUCCESS.
MINS JULIA MARIOWE,
Supported by Mr. JOSEPH HAWORTH
THIS (PHIDAY) EVENIO, "TWELFTH NIGHT."
Dec. 19, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14TH STREET.
TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW,
ANDY AND ANNIE HUGHES ALBERT CLIVES.

A RMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. 108 and 100 Hester st. First-Class Variety Company. Constant change of

to use this firearm, and there are five lives in its steel chambers.

Jack pressed her hand to his lips and, turning to his companions, said: "Well, boys, I've helped Fawneye to solve the rid-dle: suppose we get to bed?"

"Agreed!" responded Bill Porter, eagerly.
"But first, we'll have something to warm our blood!"

"DON'T SHOOT, FAWNEYE," SAID JACK.

it means."
"Hand it here, Fawneye!" exclaimed Bill
Porter, looking with admiration at her superb figure.
"It is for your eyes only, Jack," she replied, not deigning to pay attention to the speaker; and Fawneye unrolled a piece of smooth white bark and handed it to Jack;

with a warning gesture.

On its smooth surface was scratched the following symbolic picture: A tent interior; to the right, a man sleeping on the floor, over his head the word "Jack," his head pillowed

'I can see none in it either!" Jack replied.

want it. If you need help, call me. Fawn-eye's feet are swift as the deer's for those she loves, and her hand keen as the violet light-ning for those she hates. She taught me how o use this firearm, and there are five lives in

instant's warning, and, contrary to his usual habit, did not wrap the rough blanket closely and tightly about his body. As the moon rose high and the midnight wind began to bellow and moan in the caverns of the ravine

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other end of the tent, each hand levelling a cocked revolver, and the two miners were cowering before the deadly barrels, aghast

terrible anger.
"Don't shoot, Fawneye," cried Jack, in

"Is Miss Moorsom at home—Miss Annie Moorsom?" demanded a bronzed and bearded man of the girl who had answered his hasty

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times gone by held Annie by the hand and kissed her a dozen times "good-night." As he was about to leave, he overheard a couple busily engaged in conversation, coming tobusily engaged in conversation, coming to-wards him. The one was Annie—the other,

busily engaged in conversation, coming to-wards him. The one was Annie—the other, her husband.

"She shall see me once more, then," an again that long-drawn "Ah!"

As Mrs. Ward reached the gate, she wastonished to see the swarthy, beard stranger filling the gateway with his braw-limbs. But, bowing courteously, she quired: "Whom do you wish to see, sir?"

"Annie Moorsom."

But she did not recognize the voice, if so low and so hoarse; and Jack resumed

so low and so hoarse; and Jack resume 'Annie, I am Jack Braddon. You perhaps, remember me. One short "Annie, I am Jack Braddon. You perhaps, remember me. One short ago—this very day—beheld our partin went far West to make you rich—to disgold. I have found all that I need. I have come home—only to return to rado Ravine"—and his last words tinged with bitter reproachfulnes. "by, and may your treachery never he on your children."

Reader, it is useless to spin out my much further. Fawneye is my wife in God bless her! When I left my name is God bless her! When I lert in he wild never lage, I thought that the world we lid never again be enjoyable to war eye, my bronze-skinned darlinghas taught me otherwise a faithful to

As for Annie, I say this sketch by being say nothing at all ab

TO-MORRO HERNING

The fourth, also, was swarthy faced and roughly dressed enough, in all conscience; but about him clung that intangible something which so clearly indicates the gentleman, be he in what attire he may.

All were miners or gold-diggers, therefore all were armed with knife, rovolver and rifle, and, as the swirling flames lit up their bearded faces and gleamed on shining butts and hilts, they looked like a party that a lonely traveller would rather have avoided than sought.

"Talk, all talk!" Bill Porter vociferated, with a tremendous oath. "I tell you that "Come up to the fire and warm your pretty fingers."

The Indian girl was tall and graceful as the tasselled corn in the sheltered gorge when the breeze from the high plateau swayed it to and fro. Her long black hair undulated loosely on the plump bronze shoulders and swelling bosom, and tangled on the gleaming, dimpled arms that were girt with double bands of massive coppery gold. Her face seemed weird and strange in its wild loveliness and her pouting lips were curled in scornfulness as the black eyes rested on Bill Porter and the two on either side of him. But when they fell on Jack—then her Indian name perfectly described their melting loveliness. A score of ambitious braves had sought the fawn-eyed in marriage and failed. Jack, four months since, had unconsciously won her love by his courtesy towards her and his open-handed generosity in various ways to her father's warriors. "Talk, all talk!" Bill Porter vociferated, with a tremendous oath. "I tell you that I've a girl in San Francisco who can lay them all in the shade."

"Lie number one for Bill," retorted his partner. "I have seen her, mates; she's a yellow face, cat eyes, nails a foot long and feet as broad as a bear's back."

When the laughter provoked by this sally had subsided Sam Winter asked: "I never hear Jack tell us about his beauty, Have you ever heard anything about her, boys?" "No, no!" was the unanimous response.
"Then, come, Jack!" continued Winter.
"Out with your yarn, and when you've done we'll get to roost; eh, Bill—roost?"
Although apparently devoid of any with

warriors.

Passing his arm around the girl's supple form, Jack said: "Well, little one, what keeps you out so late to night? War Eagle doesn't know of his daughter's absence, ch?"

his brows knitted in a dark frown, "you know what I am, and know that if I say I'll do anything, it's as good as done"—
"All right, Jack! Go on."
"Well," the revolver butt was gripped a little tighter, "I ask you, each and all, never to ask me about my love! It is too holy a thing to be lightly jested about."
"Too what? Ah, ha!" roared Bill Porter; and he was about to deliver himself of something amusing, when Jack silenced him by a fierce gesture, and resumed: fierce gesture, and resumed:

"You have learned her name—how, I know not; but if you are a gentleman, you will not pain me by mentioning it again in my presence, or badger me about a subject so delicate!" "Well, but"—
"None of your buts!" Jack retorted with a savage oath. "The first man who mentions her name again will receive the contents of my revolver in his brain!"
What the three miners would have replied to this outburst is problematical, for at that instant Fawneye, the beauty of Colorado Havine, stepped out of the darkness, and placed her hand on Jack's broad shoulder.
"Hallos, Fawneye!" cried Sam Winter.
"Come up to the fire and warm your pretty fingers."

"He does not," she replied, the peculiar Indian accent adding a curious piquancy to her low, musical voice. "Fawneye found this picture; she wishes Jack to tell her what

And, after taking a long drink at his whiskey

beilow and moan in the caverus of the ravine, Jack, as though asleep, threw his arm across his eyes, then cautiously opened them. His breath came thick and fast and he nerved himself for a quick, backward spring.

Only a few feet away, and creeping slowly towards him, were Sam Winter and Bill Porter, each holding his bowie in readiness to strike. At the door stood Jim Blados, holding a cocked rifle by his side and closely watching his commanions.

mg a cocked rifle by his side and closely watching his companions.

Home—Aunie Moorsom—death—Fawneye—a thousand things Jack thought of as he looked at the murderous-faced ruffians slowly crawling towards him.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack; Jim Blados reeled and fell, face downward, to the floor. Jack was standing erect at the

on bags of gold-dust; to the left, three other men were creeping towards him, each grasp-ing a bowie-knife. Through an opening in the door of the tent the moon, high in the heavens, signified midnight. For a moment Jack was puzzled; then, like a lightning-flash, burst Fawneye's meaning across his mind, and he started violently. The girl saw this, and said, in a careless manner: "My father says that it has no preming." understanding her design.

Placing her lips to Jack's ear, Pawneye whispered: "Sleep with your eyes open to-night, Jack! You have too much gold—they

flask, he passed it round to the others.

When Jack lay down he took great care that his revolvers should be ready to use at an

d speechless.
"Now, then, Bill Porter and Jim Winter,
"Now, then, Bill Porter and Jim Winter, are you ready?—for, by heaven, you are dead men in two minutes! Say your prayers, for your bowies are no match for these!

Jack stopped in astonishment. Swift and noiseless as a cat had Fawneye entered the tent, and was now standing behind the terrified miners, a silver-mounted pistol in her right hand, and her bronze face twitching in terrible anger.

eager tones.
The two men simultaneously turned round.
As they did so, Jack sprang forward and
felled them to the floor with the butts of his

felled them to the floor with the butts of his weapons. They lay senseless.

"God bless you, Fawneye!" said Jack, as he drew her to his breast, and pressed a passionate kiss on the warm lips.

Disengaging herself from him, the panting girl whispered—her full cheeks glowing the while like the red blossom of the sumac—
"Jack, do you love me—will you marry me?" Jack's face fell as he replied: "Fawneye, you have been, and always will be, my dearest friend; but"—
"Say no more; Fawneye will return to her father." she said, in low, mouraful tones, "Jack, kiss poor Fawneye once again—the white-face will not complain; for the Indian has saved her lover's life."

"Is Miss Moorsom at home—Miss Annie

rappings.
"Miss Annie Moorsom!"

"Miss Annie Moorsom!"
"Yes, yes—is she at home?"
"No, sir; she has just gone out with her husband. Her name now is Mrs. Ward."
"Annie Moorsom Mrs. Ward?"
"Yes, sir; she was married last week."
"Ah!" was all that told of the agony in Jack Braddon's heart—all that showed how suddenly a world bright with love and joy had grown cold and cheerless. The bronzed face turned away to hide its sunless, despairing eyes from the wondering child. Stepping slowly down the gravelled path, Jack lingered for a moment at the gate where he had in

my memory; and when old haunts, and thrown edge of the ravine hear first thing that met m plateau was Fawneye air; she heard the s prairie wind she rap bing and a-crying on moment I felt happ we were married.